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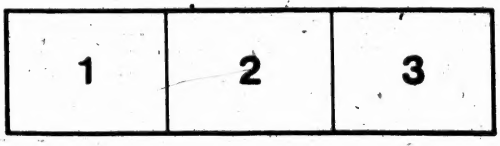

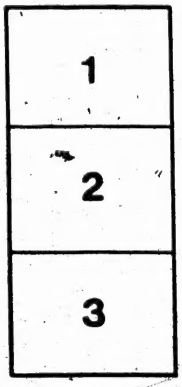

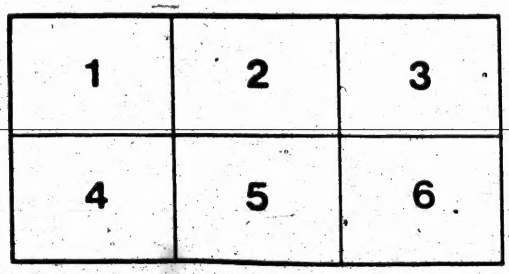

THE

PEREGRINATIONS OF PAT PRODPEN,

THE POET
POEM PEDDLER

OF
PARRY SOUND,

BEING PART SECOND OF

"Our Traveller with the Valise."

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
TO
DAVID AND WILLIAM J. McQUADE,
TWO OF THE MOST EXPERIENCED AND POPULAR
OFFICERS ON THE WATERS OF THE
GEORGIAN BAY.

WITH 30 ILLUSTRATIONS.

TORONTO, 1882.

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Peregrinations of Pat Prodpen,

THE POET POEM PEDDLER OF PARRY SOUND

With Pen Pictures of Particular Places; and Pencil Portraits of Peculiar People

---

HERE our "Traveller with the valise"
Once again appears before you,
Dear kind friends, again he greets you—
Once more—for the third time he greets you
With another little volume—
With another book of ballads (?)
No, he cannot say most truly
That it is a book of ballads,
Since it lacks the rhyming jingle
Most considered the attribute
Of good ballads, songs, and sonnets;
Yet hopes it will not be less welcome—
Less welcome to kind friends and patrons—
Less welcome to good worthy people
Who may aid him, and assist him,
By purchasing and approving
Of this modest little volume,
Unpretentious—unpretending.
Perhaps some songs he will put in it
Like "The Girl I left behind me,"
"Whisper softly—Mother's dying,"
"Don't be angry with me, Darling,"
Or "From Greenland's Icy Mountains,
By way of sauce, or scent, or flavor,
To please the taste—and help digestion.
And, kind friends and benefactors,
Who thus far have helped him onward—
Who have kindly helped him onward
O'er life's pathway, rough and rugged
He would thank you for the favor—
For the courtesy and kindness—

For the kind, considerate treatment
He has oft received from you,
And will most gratefully remember—
While a heart within his bosom
Beats with a pulsating motion—
All your many acts of kindness,
Friendly greeting,—kindly welcome,
And liberal usage received
While a solitary sojourner
In your hospitable dwellings—
Happy homes of good, kind people,
Favored homes of peace and plenty.
Again he craves a repetition
Of such kind and liberal treatment,
Certainly you will not regret it
While hope shall hover—love shall linger
Above, around your hearths and homesteads;
Sure you never will feel sorry
For having helped, assisted, aided
By kind word and generous action,
One poor fellow on his journey
Through a world where shade and sunshine
Are seen immutably mingled
With each other, alternating,
In degree and in duration
Very different—very various
With respect to persons—places—
With respect to individuals,
In regard to different people;
Very diverse from each other—
Very different in their natures,
Some are helpful, some are hurtful,
Some beneficial, some are baneful—
Good and evil—shade and sunshine
Ever mixing—intermingling
In the lines of human creatures.
Life a checkered existence!
No state or station so exalted
As to secure for its possessor
Entire immunity from trouble—
From the troubles that environ,
From the dangers that surround us;

From the trials we may meet with,
The temptations that assail us
On life's short, uncertain journey
In our travels on this planet;
From the short and narrow cradle
To the short and narrow dwelling
That is made beneath its surface
For its sons, whose journeyings on it
Have forever ceased and ended!
Truth and virtue and religion,
Love and reverence and obedience
To earth's great Founder and Creator,
Are the antidotes for troubles,
Are as balm for the afflictions
That may assail us and surround us
While we travel here as pilgrims
Journeying to a heavenly kingdom.
Yet these not all that are required
To smooth the rough and rugged places
We find upon the road that leads us
To the dark shores of a deep river—
To a dark, mysterious river
That all earth's sons, with one exception,
Have crossed—must cross—before ascending
To the bright Land of their adoption.
A certain something else is needed,
As affairs are constituted—
As arrangements are contrived
And plans and programmes constructed
In this World that we inhabit;
Something else is greatly needed,
Very often sadly needed,
To make this life more palatable—
Increase its pleasure and its comforts,
And greatly add to its enjoyments;
Much required, greatly needed,
A means—a medium for procuring
Things that cannot be dispensed with—
That are absolutely needed
As auxiliaries to existence,
As lives of men are constituted,—
As laws of life are made, enforced.

Much required—very useful,
Most imperatively demanded
From the highest to the lowest,
From the prince down to the peasant;
Through the various graduations
In the scale of man's existence
On this sublunary planet.
Where this is wanting, things look gloomy
Even for the best among us;
And the prospect dark and dreary
For those who lack, yet greatly need it—
To the man in whose possession
It is found but very seldom,
Or, in greatly stinted measure.
And young or old, or male or female,
In whose possession this essential—
This essential to existence,
This panacea for evils
The heirlooms of Adam's children—
May be found in great abundance,
Are considered greatly favored—
Greatly favored by good fortune.
Such a magical material,
Such an estimable substance—
Such a balm of Gilead blessing—
Such a boon to human nature
Are certain little discs of silver,
Shining shords of solid silver—
Bevelled bits of bright gold metal,
Glancing, glittering, and gleaming
With a fascinating lustre
For the eyes of their beholders—
For the eyes of earth-born mortals;
Holding in a sort of bondage
The hardened hearts of men—not christians,
But the votaries of mammon—
The cringing slaves of filthy lucre,
Sadly selfish, sinful, seekers
Of their own good, to the exclusion
Of all thoughts of other's welfare.
Such have I found upon my travels
Very rarely, very seldom—

Very seldom have I found them
Among our good Canadian people—
Among the rural population
Of some fine Ontario townships,
York, and Vaughan, and King, for instance
Very few of these mean creatures
Have I found within their limits:
Cruel, cold, and crafty creatures —
Cunning, cautious, calculating,
Greedy, grasping, grabbing gripe-guts;
Shallow, selfish, sordid, soulless,
With the make and mould of muck worms
Sliming o'er their fetid bodies —
Mind-debasing—soul-destroying,
Dead to all the finer feelings—
To the best instincts of nature,
Dead to nature's best impulses.
Very seldom have I found them—
Found such selfish, sordid sinners,
But I have found them—you will find them
If you read my little volume
To the end from the beginning;
You will find their portraits painted
With a brush dipped in the colours
Their evil natures have provided
For our traveller with the valise.
Please do not follow their example,—
Their example in refusing
To aid a suppliant for assistance.
Small the pittance he asks from you
For the little book he offers,—
Offers for your friendly notice,—
For your kind consideration.
And he asks you, and entreats you,
As a good kind-hearted Christian,
That you will please to buy it from him,
And thus help a fellow-creature,—
Kindly help a human creature —
From the shadow into sunshine,
From glints of gloom to gleams of gladness
Small the sacrifice required
From a person whose position

In regard to this world's substance
Is not circumscribed to limits,
Very narrow-straightened, bounded
By a horizon cloud encumbered;
Ten cents will buy the book he offers,
In the hope you won't refuse him.
Grant this hope may bud and blossom,
And bear good fruit in large abundance.
Single grains fill up a bushel;
Drops of water form the ocean;
Grains of sand enclose—surround it,
Keep in bound its tumbling billows,
Hold in check its world of waters.
Little rivulets form large rivers;
Single rays in combination
Crown with light the brow of morning,
And place a crown of golden glory
On the fair head of summer noonday.
And many little silver circlets,—
Little shining silver circlets,
With a magic word and number,—
With "10 cents" engraven on them,
Received in payment for the volume,—
For the little book he offers
To your kind consideration,
Would be a boon—would be a blessing,
A boon, a benefit, a blessing
To your obliged, obedient servant,
Circumstanced as he is at present,
And he will gratefully remember
The kind friends who thus assist him
In his efforts—his endeavors
To free himself from galling fetters,
That hold him in a servile bondage,
Very galling—very grievous
To any one whose aspirations
Soar beyond the narrow limits,—
Beyond the narrow bounds and limits
Of a grovelling, brute existence.
And their names shall be recorded
In terms of praise and commendation,
In the pages he is writing

With exemplary diligence,
Getting ready for the printer
With the least procrastination—
For the printers in the office
Of Mister Grip (that funny fellow),
With the foreman to direct them,
Very skilful and experienced
In the craft and in the calling
By Franklin honored, elevated.
Ended here this long exordium,
Ended here this introduction,
And our traveller with the valise
Will straightway proceed to tell you
A straight story of his travels,
A true tale of his adventures—
Of his travels and adventures
In search of shining shards of silver.
Aye, "here's the rub!"—now for the rubbish.
Quite a patchwork, variegated,
In shapes, in sizes—shades and substance;
A motley mixture of materials,
A counterpane not hemm'd or finish'd.

Peregrinations of Pat Prodpen.

HERE, as poor Pat Prodpen is greatly pushed for time, and as neither the circumstances nor the situation in which he is at present placed are favorable to a proper and satisfactory carrying out of his original design of giving the whole of this little volume in verse, he deems it advisable to relinquish it. In making this resolution he is also influenced by a remark made by his old-time friend, G. L. Stevenson, Esq., of Aurora, in regard to a little volume he published last winter, that he liked the prose part of that little book better than he did—well, Pat, with the meekness of Moses and the modesty of a maiden, will not call it poetry, but simply the verse part of the book. And here he would observe that neither his meekness nor his modesty will greatly hinder him from pitching head foremost into individuals who may use him meanly or despitefully, or from praising persons who treat him differently—perhaps it will be noted, if not quoted as a remarkable trait in his character, that he always has a good word for those who purchase his books, and only finds fault with those who do not. But, kind reader, one of the strongest reasons which mostly influence a person to purchase one or two, or more, of Pat's little volumes, is that he happens to possess a kind and a generous heart, while those who refuse mostly do so in consequence of possessing hearts and dispositions of an opposite nature. Surely no one can, with any show of reason, expect to gather luscious grapes from thorn bushes, or juicy pears from scrub apple trees—in the way of an illustration of this theory, Pat will mention that while engaged, in the fall of the year 1880, in the business of selling copies of the first little book he got printed for him, "Hunting Adventures,"

he called at the house of Mr. Henry Stewart on the 2nd con. of West York, where he sold four copies of his book; next calling at the house of Mr. Joseph Stewart, he sold two copies to him—Mr. Stewart is a splendid specimen of a young Canadian farmer, quite a contrast in personal appearance to old Tom Lacquey, whom Pat next visited, and who then lived near Mr. Stewart's; his portrait is here given for the benefit of those who may wish to know him when they see him. This old fellow not only refused to purchase one of Pat's little books, but got awfully mad at him for daring to be guilty of the atrocious crime, the unpardonable presumption, of asking or even expecting him to do so. Here, kind reader, you see this old fellow in the very act of threatening to kick poor Pat to Coventry, if not out of the country entirely. Pat took this treatment very ill of him, considering that he had given him no just cause of offence. Should not his good wife feel so ashamed of his mean conduct as to feel a strong desire, for days afterwards, to hide herself out of sight whenever strangers or visitors should happen to call, even if she had to go down on her hands and knees and creep under a bed the more effectually to

accomplish such a purpose. But here, considering that

Pat's time is very short and his space exceedingly limited, it is high time to start on his peregrinations from Weston to Woodbridge.

On the morning of the 8th of Feb., 188-, Pat Prodpen, the poet poem peddler, of Parry Sound, left the village of Weston with his valise in his hand, on his way to Woodbridge, a large manufacturing village in the township of Vaughan. Mrs. McDonald, a neatly-dressed, lady-like, handsome young woman, residing in a neat white house, near the first toll-gate, going north, on the Vaughan road, was his first customer, after leaving Weston. The next was a blooming, buxom, blue-eyed, neatly-dressed maiden, a Miss Brown, living in the toll-house. Pat next visited the home of Mrs. Chew, an old frame farm-house near the roadside, but Mrs. Chew, a rather thin-faced woman, with a long nose, a wide mouth, and large and long teeth, as if to vindicate her right to such a queer name, chose to refuse to take one of Pat's books; she would not give him a chew of "terbacker" for one, so Pat feeling quite chewed up left with a mournful expression on his sad countenance, and took his departure for a white frame house near the road, the home of a Mrs. Griffiths. Here another sad and disheartening disappointment awaited him. She did not exactly plead poverty as an excuse for refusing to buy one of his books, but such was the impression left on his mind when he left her and "mournfully turned" his steps to the road again. Truly this particular neighborhood appeared to be a poverty-stricken locality, to judge from the number of poor, deserted, dilapidated, tumble-down old buildings in it—yet it had evidently seen better days and brighter times—but now its glory had vanished as a dream of the night—had faded as a flower parted from its parent stem—dried up, and departed, like the sparkling dew gems of a bright June morning,—fled, perhaps to Manitoba—to the North-west—to the great fraud land where so many fortunes have been wrecked—so many hopes have been blasted—blighted—so many hearts have been broken—so many

bodies buried under and so many bones left bleaching on the fever breeding sod of the wild, wide, weird prairie. Poor Pat Prodpen would greatly prefer the running rivers, the roaring rapids, and the rocky ravines—the beautiful lakes, the grand old forest and the sublime rock scenery of picturesque Parry Sound, to a home in Manitoba or among the wild pagan Indians of the North-west. Per-

haps others may not agree with him, but just wait till winter comes with its bleak, bitter, biting blasts, piling up snow mountains over their dwellings, and they are compelled to burn bureaus, boxes, bunks, and bedsteads to keep their chilled limbs from freezing, and then if they do not care to acknowledge it they will at least feel the effects of the mistake they have made; however, Pat will hope for the best for them—move on Pat—Pat moved on to Mr. William Rountree's. He found Mr. Rountree (an agreeable young man) busily engaged in the seasonable occupation of packing ice in an ice-house—living not far from the Humber river, he has not far to haul it; Mr. Rountree not only took a book, but asked an old man working for him to take one, but he refused. This old fellow was clad in a pair of duck trousers with an old smock frock of the same material, both greatly the worse for the hard usage the hand of time had given them, and so much disfigured and discolored with dirt that it would have been hard to guess what

might have been their original color. This old man, John Oliver, was a coarse-featured, vulgar-looking old fellow with large hands, having several ugly-looking sores on each of them. Pat would not like to be obliged to wash in the same basin or wipe on the same towel with him. Pat was informed that this old man had $4,000 in a bank, but then he had a heart in his bosom about the size of the heart of a cock robin, though one of the neighbors told Pat that he had no heart at all.

Pat's next visit was to a handsome brick building, that looked like a gentleman's residence. Mrs. Garbut, the mistress—an abnormally large and fat woman, clad in very plain clothes—told him she had no money. She did not seem to be a very garrulous woman, nevertheless, this did appear to Pat to be all garbage, a garbling of the truth, in which opinion he was afterwards confirmed by a neighbor of her's telling him she had money. At the next house he visited the pleasant home of a nice, kind lady, Mrs. Lister; he had dinner, and on asking the charge for it, she told him "nothing," but he left two books with her, selling another to Mr. Boggs,

a hard-handed, but kind-hearted, old farmer. He then, by a short cut across a meadow and a muddy ploughed field, reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Riley, a worthy

couple, who, only two months before his visit, had suffered a sad bereavement in the death of a daughter, at the early age of 14—but her lot is to be envied by a good many of earth's sorrowing and suffering daughters, as her mother told Pat that "she died happy, praying and singing." Think you, kind reader, if that detestable infidel, and most wickedly blasphemous old scoundrel, Bob Ingersoll—who holds up a half-penny tallow dip as a light to the nations—will feel as happy and as hopeful in his last hours, as did this dear, young disciple of Christ, who entered the dark river with a song on her tongue, and her mind as free from the shadow of a doubt or fear as a refulgent summer sun, that best-known emblem of an everlasting, inconceivably great, and all powerful God Poor Pat can only hope that even Bob Ingersoll may see the error of his ways, and turn with a contrite heart, for health and healing, to the Great Fountain of all good. Pat felt so much sympathy for these good people, in the great loss they had suffered, that he voluntarily promised to write a few lines in memory of their departed daughter. Here they are:—

Sleeping in a quiet grave,
  Painless head and pulseless breast;
Above her form let tempests rave,
  They can't disturb her hallowed rest.

Early called from earth away,
  She was ready for the call;
One of those who love—obey
  The dear Christ, who died for all.

Father, mother, follow then
  Your daughter's footsteps to the skies;
You may surely meet her, when
  Death, at last, shall close your eyes.

Leaving Mr. Riley's, the substantial homes of Mr. Michael Ramsay and Mr. Andrew Barker were visited. That they used Pat well may be inferred from the fact that he speaks well of them. Again on the Vaughan road, with his face towards the north pole, Pat would like to sit down on a log by the way side for a few min-

utes to make a note of the weather, as it was, on this 8th day of Feb., 1882, a remarkably fine day for the season, as bright, as balmy and as beautiful as a day in April, the sky a soften'd hazy blue, with a few light fleecy clouds floating around the outskirts of the horizon like storm sentinels; the fields were bare of snow, and cattle, horses, and sheep were grazing in them; the roads were wet and muddy, and ugly to travel on, as also were the stubble fields from having three or four inches of their surface turned into wet mud by the powerful rays of a bright, unclouded sun. Again proceeding on his journey he soon came in sight of a remarkable object, a hill running alongside of the road, close to and parallel with it, exactly resembling in its form and outline a large turnip or potato pit of the capacity of several millions of bushels. On arriving opposite the middle of this hill he turned off into a wagon road that appeared to lead to a fine large farm house on the west side of the Humber river, but he had only gone a few steps when his feet shot from under him on the slippery ice under two or three inches of soft mud, and he fell like a stub overturned by a storm, sadly soiling with mud the knees of his trousers, the sleeves of his coat, and one side of his valise. Remedying this mishap to the best of his ability, he continued his journey only to find that this track led to what might have been a ford and not to a bridge on the Humber, the surface of which was at this time covered with large cakes of movable ice of different shapes and sizes, and as Pat did not feel any inclination to plunge into the racing current of the river up to his knees, or his waist, or his neck, or over his head, he turned his steps to the road again and soon reached the pleasant little rural village of St. Andrews, sometimes called Thistleton, but St. Andrews is a far nicer name than Thistleton, or Mullenburg, or Poppyville, or any other name that would have a tendency to cast a reflection upon it. In St. Andrews Pat obtained supper, bed, and breakfast for the very reasonable sum of 50c., at Mr. Thomas Griffith's hotel. This hotel is quite large and commodious for the size of the village, with large and excellent sheds and stabling attached. Mr. Griffiths is quite a young man; he told Pat that the remarkable hill he had

seen by the roadside is called the "hog's back," it must have received this name when the old-land pike breed of swine was more common than fortunately it is at present.

There is only one store in the village, kept by Mr. David Stewart, a good-looking, good-humored, good-hearted, gentlemanly man, who has an extensive and varied stock of all kinds of store goods required in a country trade; there is also one good blacksmith's shop, and one good wagon shop, with a dozen or more of neat white houses and cottages, in the village. It has also a number of mean little dwelling-houses; in one of these mean habitations lives a mean old man, one Mickey Lanigan, as sour as a pickled cabbage, with a mean little woman for a mean-looking wife. Perhaps Pat does not act right to write this, as this man's right hand is gone and the only hand he has left is his left hand, but then he is a stalwart-looking fellow, big and burley, and pot-bellied, and might be quite equal to the task of welting and wolloping poor Pat well. There is also another one-handed man in the village, Mr. Isaac Plewright, who lives in a neat white house, with a nice lady-like, middle-aged, matronly woman, for a wife. Mr. Plewright has a strong iron hook fixed to the stump of his arm to serve him for a hand, but Pat hopes he does not go to bed with it on, as in that case he might, while under the influence of some exciting dream, hit his good wife such a crack on the head with it as would make her afraid to sleep with him again.

Pat found quite a number of good friends in this little village, among others the kind lady of old Doctor Savage, but the doctor himself richly deserves such a barbaric name, as he was beyond question one of the most savage-looking doctors Pat has ever become acquainted with; he has, nevertheless, the reputation of being a skilful physician. Pat left St. Andrews about the middle of the forenoon of the 9th of Feb., a fine bright day, and had not proceeded far on his journey northwards when his patriotic eye was greatly gladdened by the sight of one

of the handsomest brick houses he had yet seen in this part of the country, with tastefully laid-out grounds around it. Here, Mrs. Johnston, who in mien and manners, and personal appearance, was in all respects worthy of being the mistress of such a home, bought two of Pat's books. A few rods from Mrs. Johnston's stand the Humberford flour mills, thoroughly well arranged and managed internally and externally, one of the best and most

tastefully built mills Pat has yet seen, offering a strong contrast to the broken-windowed, musty-smelling, rat-haunted old mills on the Humber at Weston, but yet not a greater contrast than are its gentlemanly and courteous proprietors, Messrs. William and George Rountree, to the miserly old man who owns the antiquated affair at Weston, old Mr. Woodsworths, who also keeps a one-horse store in a miserable old pig-pen of a building just across the road from his mouldy, musty, moth-eaten mill; this miserable abortion of a store (into which Pat has quite recently peeped) will compare with the best store in Pat's own beautiful village of McKellar as a raw-boned, ring-boned, obstinate, obdurate, old donkey, with old Woodsworth himself on its back, would compare with a splendid Arabian stallion.

old Mr. Woodsworth

But while Pat is losing time prateing about this old "party," the sun is scaling the sky; so after leaving these kind gentlemen and travelling a few rods west, Pat proceeds to scale a flight of steps leading to a fine, large brick farm-house beautifully located on a rising ground above the Humber river, the pleasant home of a worthy and amiable young woman, Mrs. Card; may her thread of life be spun long and fine and free from knots, and be woven into a fabric as beautiful as a dream of heaven. Here he also found a fair and handsome young girl, Miss M. [illegible]; she bought two books and Mrs. Card one. [illegible] these kind ladies with thanks, his pocket heavier and his heart lighter than when he left Mrs. Chew's a short time previously, half afraid she might chew him up—what a contrast do these ladies present to the ugly wife of old Mickey Lanigan. Would you, kind reader, blame poor Pat for giving such kind of people a few prods with his pen? This particular neighborhood is one of the most romantically and classically beautiful localities Pat has seen anywhere outside the district of Parry Sound. Instead of seeing a single deserted or dilapidated building he saw several new buildings and additions to buildings. He would like to give a more extended description of its various beauties, but his time is very short and his space limited,

and he must hurry on; but not so fast as to neglect to take down the names of kind friends as he comes across them on his way along the Vaughan road from Humberford Mills to Woodbridge,—Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Hicks, Mrs. Duncan,—and then the road passing through a long stretch of bush, where it was sheltered from the sunlight; it was in capital condition for travelling on foot or with teams in wagons or sleighs. This stretch of bush passed over, he came to a large farm homestead, where the kind-hearted proprietor, Mr. George Tapper, was just finishing loading two wagons with large loads of potatoes for Weston, perhaps to ship on the Grand Trunk for the States; he bought two books from Pat, as did Mr. Jacob McKay (about half a mile nearer Woodbridge), a remarkably fine man, who had also a large load of potatoes ready to put on his wagon for a start for Weston. Can they who live in Manitoba expose their potatoes so early in the season without danger of having them frozen? Pat would repeat this question again, with an emphatic thump of his fist on the breast of any man who would be slow to give him an answer, only he has not time to bother himself or any one else about it. At Mr. Orth's he had dinner, giving two books in payment therefor. Mr. Robert Rountree bought another. Entering Woodbridge and the pleasant home of Mrs. Brown,—where a bright-faced, black-eyed girl, with a brow of marble whiteness and hair of the hue of a young raven's wing, bought two books. Truly Pat felt his heart warm with gratitude towards this kind-hearted girl; even as the south side of an old barn is warmed by the bright beams of an April sun, may fortune smile upon her always and her path through life be strewn with flowers of bright hues and fragrant scent. He also owes his thanks to another good lady, Mrs. Williams. Entering upon invitation the pleasant cottage home of a fair-faced, blue-eyed, young married lady, Mrs. Rogerson, he saw one of the finest girls he has seen anywhere, a Miss Julia McCormack, a very fair-complexioned girl with a pair of round, rosy cheeks, regular features, her teeth two rows of ivory beads, a Grecian nose, and her lips—well, it would be a sin for Pat to touch them, even with his pen—her hair a dark auburn, her eyes a beauti-

ful liquid brown, an indescribably beautiful expression lingering round their bashful glances. She did almost, but not altogether, equal in beauty Miss Eliza Montgomery, near Springhill, township of King, one of the most beautiful girls Pat has yet seen outside the limits of the city of Toronto or the village of Parry Sound, and he can appreciate the good, the true, and the beautiful in art and in nature wherever he may meet with them.

Another customer in the person of Mrs. Burkholder, a handsome young woman, and Pat went on into Woodbridge to seek for quarters for the approaching night; these he quickly found at Mr. Gilmour's large and commodious hotel. Mr. Gilmour is (or at least was then) a handsome, open-faced, gentlemanly young man; his portrait, handsomely painted in oil, formed one of the most conspicuous ornaments of his bar. Having secured a roosting-place for the "silent hours of the night," Pat, like a restless swallow, was on the wing again. He first visited the hardware store of Messrs. Keys & Hallet, quite an extensive establishment, with a large and well-assorted stock of every article required in their line of business; here he sold one book. He next visited

the crockery, grocery, dry goods, and clothing store of John Watt, junr., whose smallest purchaser was found in the person of a pre-existing young clerk, D. McGillivray; then Pat crossed the street to the largest store in the village, where the Messrs. Wallace Brothers carry on a very large business in the sale of clothing, dry goods, groceries, provisions, hardware, boots and shoes,—a kind of Noah's Ark in the store line, where, as one of the brothers himself expresses it, they "sell every thing from a marriage license to a tooth-pick." One of the brothers is at present Dominion member for West York. Besides this large store, they have on the out-skirts of the village a large first-class grist mill. Pat was the recipiant from Mr. T. F. Wallace (a remarkably fine and good-looking gentleman above the medium size and height) of a couple of excellent steel pens as an expression of good-will, and with one of these pens Pat is on this 3rd day of Oct., 1882,—a very fine day,—busily engaged in writing the pages of this little book on a little table in a quiet bed-room in Mrs. Flower's clean and comfortable boarding house, on the N.-W. corner of Richmond and Victoria-streets, in his native city of Toronto, of which large and beautiful and prosperous city Pat feels almost exultantly proud, even as old Doctor Walton, of Parry Sound, may be supposed to have felt when he oracularly declared himself to be "the first professional gentleman in the district." Whew! hold your noses, gentlemen of Parry Sound—Pat would sneeringly ask this spluttering old wind-bag to hoist, to elevate himself, or, to use the expressive language of Mr. W. Ireland, one of Pat's old Aurora friends—now the talented and enterprising proprietor and editor of that ably conducted and excellent paper, the *North Star*, which is a credit to the town and district of Parry Sound, "to rise and explain" by what rule or by what right he lays claim to such a distinction. Pat has been a resident of the district for between ten and eleven years; he was among the first settlers in it, and he solemnly avers and affirms that this old doctor's claim has not the shadow of a foundation to rest the soles of its feet upon; and

that so far from such being the case, the nickname or appellation of the "first professional fiddlestick in the district," would fit him as nicely and as closely as did the dunce's cap wherewith a hedge schoolmistress in his native land was wont to ornament his head when she stood him up on a bench in the schoolroom, because with all the whacks her feeble arms could give him she found it such a difficult task to get him to spell the word bread properly. And furthermore, Pat would solemnly aver and affirm and assert that in respect to a good claim or right to the aforesaid title and distinction, this old doctor is not fit to hold even a dirty [illegible] old tin candlestick to V. Switzer, Esq., barrister, of Parry Sound. Why, man, Billy Howard, the little brown barber of this beautiful and picturesque town, might

with just as much reason put in a claim as this old, bloated bull-frog—professor Howard! how nice it would sound—and he has, in the way of proving his claim to it, more than once given an exhibition of extra qualifications in his line of business; he has shown himself an adept in the art of shaving in more styles and ways than one, and sure enough, even poor Pat Prodpen himself might after awhile —("bye and bye"—"in the good time coming)"—be thrusting himself forward as a candidate for this coveted honor—asserting his claims, and endeavoring to prove his right to the enviable and to-be-envied title of "first professional gentleman," poet and penman of the noble district of Parry Sound. What a grand and glorious distinction this would be for poor Pat; how it would crown his head with bay leaves and laurel blossoms, and line the pockets of his pantaloons with pennies. Hold on—shut up Pat—but no—he will not shut up just now, he is so delighted with the beatific vision he has just seen—so enamoured with this beautiful dream—that he is already eager for the fray—anxious to prove his ability to dispute this old doctor's claim—to contest his right to such a disringuishing title, and in support of his pretentions, and as a preliminary step in this direction, he proceeds to insert the following song. Lest some should infer from its spelling and phraseology,

that Pat is a native of the green Isle of Erin, he would say he is not, for tho' old Ireland is the native home of a great many Pats, it is not the native land of this Pat; he is a native of the beautiful city in which he is now sitting writing these lines in a cold room as "cool as a cowcummer."

SONG.

SCORNFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE MEAN MAN WHO REFUSES TO PURCHASE AT LEAST ONE OF PAT'S BOOKS.

Air:—"KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN."

This ould Doktur Waulton
Hoo thot he cud vault on
To the sate ov a—well, we won't mention it boys;
His bunkum and blether,
An' boastin', together,
Wud deefen a wurruld wid its horrible noise.

As he sthrute thru our sthrates,
Howly Moses! it bates
Creation's big rooster—the airs he puts on;

It's trooth that we rite
Uv this old bletherskite,
As the fokes will all tell yees—yis, manny a wan.

In no hurry condemnin',
Jist ax Missis Flemin'
Wat she thinks uv this doctur—thin spoutin' ould man;

Shee no's him so well,
Shee shurely kin tell—
Kin tell all about him iv anny wan kan.

Like daddy an' dauther,
They kroot the salt wauther,
Together they kroot Atlantick's wide say—
Hur han' in his arrum,
Too sheold hur from harrum,
Lavin' Flemin' at home for hur saftee to pray.

Shure, sum wan will think
There is in Pat's ink
A little too mutch av wurrumwood an' gall;
Be this as it may,
Begorra!—jist say
Is not this old coon desarvin' uv all?

The pfods from Pat's pen
He kin give him, an' then—
Desarves a phew more frum a betther man,
Who, wid illigant skill
In the yu-e uv his quill,
Cud punch this ould doktur from Beersheebee to Dan.

Shure Doktur Mulvaney*
Cud handil this sany,
Cud go for this phello wid "poker an' tongs;"
In shanty an' shebeen,
Bee herd wid deep feelin',
The bowld swellin' notes uv his musical songs.

But Pat must cease his singing and hurry on, or this old doctor will have him by the scruff of the neck. So Pat hurries on, not for refuge, but in search of a customer, to a little shop or store in Woodbridge (after leaving Mr. Wallace's.) This little shop had a few loaves of bread and a few buns conspicuously exhibited in the only window it possesses, and so disposed in it as to make the greatest display possible. Upon entering this lilliputian store Pat is confronted by "Jimuel" Harper,

*See their spleen fill people, the Toronto *Sunday Telegram*.

a little, bandy-legged bullpoch of a man, with a head as round as a "marvel," and a face like the full moon peeping from behind a thin misty cloud—a flat cast of countenance and a milk and water complexion, speckled and freckled like a turkey's egg, sandy hair, and a scanty yellow beard, that told in sad and mournful language, and one might almost fancy with tears in its eyes, of the poor, arid soil in which it grew. Jimuel had his shirt sleeves rolled up to the arm pits, so between this and the few buns and loaves of bread in his window, Pat mistook him for a baker; to him Pat applied, but in vain; he treated him with contempt. He turned a deaf ear to his request, and then turned his back upon him, and went through an open door leading from his little bread shop into another little room, and into this room Pat had the curiosity to peep, when lo and behold! he beheld Jimuel standing before a washtub and washboard scrubbing away with both hands just like an old washerwoman, but whether it was a baby's soiled breech clouts or his wife's bedgown, he was so hard at work on Pat does not know; but he does know that if Jimuel had his scanty beard shaved clean off him, an old woman's cap with a frilled border put on his head, and an old petticoat tucked round him, it would be an easy thing for a stranger to mistake him for an old pagan Irish woman.

Pat's next visit was to the butcher shop of two worthy young men, Messrs. Jackson and Nichols, where he sold three books, and his work was done for that day, the second day from Weston. The next morning, one of the first places visited was the handsome residence of Dr. Grant, an extremely tall gentleman, where he received a kind greeting from the doctor's lady, a very handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed young woman. In the luxuriously furnished and tastefully got-up parlor or sitting room into which she invited Pat to enter, there was seated a pleasant-faced, richly dressed, young maiden lady, Miss Janet Hillson. Mrs. Grant, on learning where he came from, informed him that she

was a sister of Mr A. P. Cockburn, who was then Dominion member for the county of Muskoka, as he is now for another constituency. Each of these kind-hearted ladies bought two books, and Pat left much gratified with and grateful for the kind treatment he had received. In Mr. Niven's extensive furniture store he sold three books, one of them to a fine, tall, handsome young man, Mr. Andrew Taylor, an official in the railway station, Woodbridge, who entered their store while he was in it, and to whom he was greatly indebted for the kind treatment he received from him during his short stay in the village. Mr. Taylor introduced Pat to the station agent, Mr. Charles Campbell, with whom Pat had liked to have had a fight, on account of his mean, ungentlemanly conduct, but afterwards his demeanor towards Pat underwent a great change, and he treated him with deference and respect, giving as an excuse for this change in his conduct, that he had at first taken him for an impostor, but that he had discovered his mistake, and found that he was not only a respectable man, but a man who had evidently travelled a good deal, read a good deal, and was a keen observer of human nature, with which good opinion Pat, though by no means agreeing in it, felt greatly flattered. Mr. Campbell voluntarily promised that he would sell a dozen of Pat's next books among the trackmen on the railway. Thanks, Mr. Campbell, if you are in Woodbridge now, and all goes well, Pat will put this promise to a test before this present month of October, 1882, is ended. Pat would also most gratefully acknowledge the kindness he received from those most prepossessingly handsome and amiable ladies, the wives of the Messrs. Wallace, Bros. He will ever retain a most pleasant recollection of the kindness he received from them, contrasting as it did with the treatment received from their gruff old father-in-law, whom one of Pat's friends in Woodbridge asked him to write a poem about, because, as he said, this old man, having been appointed Treasurer to the Municipality, had refused to enter into the bonds required by law, alleging, as a reason, that he was worth $50,000. Now Pat is of opinion that if this old man was worth ten times $50,000, he ought not to be permitted to set himself above the law,

but be obliged to give the necessary security, or march out to the tune of the "Rogue's March;" and this is as far as Pat will move in this matter, as he considers it his business to attend to his business, and let other people attend to their business, which rule if carefully observed by every one concerned would greatly lessen the amount of quarreling and fighting that otherwise takes place in this world. Among those to whom Pat owes his thanks for the kind treatment he received from them during his short sojourn in Woodbridge were Mr. Alexander Todd, master boot and shoe maker; Mr. Amos Maynard, carriage builder; Mr. Thos. Keys, blacksmith, Elia. Mrs. Mackie, Mrs. Hoidge, Mrs. Neal, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Kaiser, Miss J. Bennet, Miss Margaret Smithers. Mr. Blake, and the obliging host of the Dominion Hotel the best hotel in Woodbridge,—Mr. Robson, Mr. E. Elliot, blacksmith; and Mr. William Watson, is this the gentleman who is so cleverly writing the "Humber River Annals," a series of papers now being published in that excellent paper the Richmond Hill *Liberal*, owned and edited by that talented young gentleman, Mr. J. A. S. Stewart, one of Pat's most esteemed and valued Richmond Hill friends, and to whom he was indebted for many acts of courtesy and kindness during his short stay in the village last winter. But the number of "school scribbling books" that Pat has already scribbled over admonish him that it is about time to bring this little volume to a close. To give a full account of his experience and adventures in connexion with the sale of his second book would swell this one to a size that would cost him about $200 for the printing and binding of an edition of 2000 copies; and, cramped as he is at present for time and means, such a thing is not to be thought of for an instant. However, if this venture should prove quite successful, and all is well with him, he will continue his narrative in a series of small volumes, appropriating to this case the advice given by a very kind and generous friend, whose great kindness he hopes he shall always remember with gratitude: "A number of short letters would be better than one too long." Even so, he thinks that a number or a series of small volumes at

10c. or 15c. would, under any but the most favorable circumstances, be greatly better than one large one at 40c. or 50c. When a man can't ride he must walk, and when he can't walk he must use crutches or creep on his hands and knees, and this is what ails poor Pat at present; but let it ail him ever so much, it will not keep him from taking time and space to acknowledge with thanks what some kind friends have done for him. First on the list he places the name of Mr. Robert Wilson, hotel keeper of Fairbank, on the York and Vaughan road, a few miles N.W. from Yorkville, who, when Pat was selling his first volume, not only gave him supper, bed, and breakfast free of charge, but told him to call again and welcome when he would happen to be in that neighborhood; and Mr. Wilson also took ten copies of his last book. Next close beside him stands Alexander Wallace, Esq., of Mount Hope, Sac County, Iowa, United States, whom he had the pleasure of meeting last winter at Best's Bay Horse Hotel in Toronto, in company with his nephew, William Mulholland, Esq., Isabella-street, Toronto. Mr. Wallace took ten and Mr. Mulholland three books. Next, arm-in-arm, come Messrs. Henry and David Duncan, of East York, each with five copies of Pat's book, for which they each paid him a big, broad half-dollar piece (that did his eyes good to look at), notwithstanding that he then owed them (and owes them now) the $4 each he borrowed from them to help him to start his first book. Close at their heels comes A. L. Willson, Esq., of Eglington, Yonge-street, with five of Pat's books in his coat pocket. And to Mrs. Thomas Mulholland, 2nd con. West York, Pat owes his best thanks. She took two books, and made him take the pay for three; but to old Tom himself he does not owe a thimbleful of thanks, and were it not for his kind-hearted and most worthy lady's sake Pat would have half a mind to put him in this book under the similitude of a dissipated-looking old fellow clad in ragged raiment, with an old battered, tattered hat on his head, holding on to a tavern sign-post. To Mr. John C. Steele, of the Green Bush Hotel (the parlor hotel of Yonge-street), he tenders his best thanks. Mr. Steele gave him a good supper, and a

splendid bed in a richly-furnished bedroom, and a good breakfast in the morning; and for all this he declined to charge one "red" cent after reading Pat's pathetic story in the little book he bought from him. Pat found two ugly tavern-keepers on Yonge street—one at Lansing, who ought to have a big skunk and not a little lion for his sign—and the other in the southern suburbs of Thornhill Village, where Pat had a wretched supper and a still more wretched breakfast, and a bed in a cell-like room. Whew! no wonder the smell suggested to Pat the idea of offering a skunk as a sign to the Lansing man. Now, please say, who is the gentleman—good, kind-hearted Mr. Steele, or these steelly-hearted men?

a skunk or a lion?

To the gentlemanly young hotel-keeper in the village of Maple, in the rich township of Vaughan, Pat owes his grateful acknowledgments. He refused to charge him for a luxurious supper, an excellent bed, and a good breakfast. Pat also feels most grateful to the good people of this quiet, pleasant village for the kind usage they accorded him. In a good two-thirds of one forenoon he sold twenty books, only one person (the butcher) refusing him. Best thanks, kind friends. He hopes to have your names all down in his next volume as purchasers of this one. The good people of the pleasant village of Newtonbrook he would also thank most heartily for their kind and hospitable treatment. He was asked to stop for dinner at three different houses in the course of one noon, and that afternoon he sold thirty books at 10c. each. Truly, he feels most grateful to the good people of this Christian village, to one of them in particular, Wm. H. Goulding, Esq., he owes his especial thanks. May God bless and prosper them greatly. As much as Pat felt satisfied with the t eatment he had received in Newtonbrook, he felt still

more gratified with the good usage he received from the wealthy storekeepers and other inhabitants of Richmond Hill. Here he sold ten books in a little over half an hour. His success in Thornhill was good, but not near so good as in Newtonbrook and Richmond Hill. He was very sorry to learn of the recent death of Dr. Reid, one of his Thornhill friends, who took two of his books. He was an eminent man in his profession, and an estimable gentleman. His loss will be greatly felt in the village and surrounding country, and more especially by his own family. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to find an equally good man to supply his place.

To Benjamin Lloyd, Esq., J. H. Rowe, Esq., and other kind friends of the pleasantly located village of Springhill; to the kind hostess of the hotel at King station on the N. R'lway; to his favorite cousin, Mrs. John Graham of Vaughan, and many other kind friends in the townships of York, Vaughan, and King, Pat takes this opportunity of returning his most grateful thanks. And he would also, before closing this little volume, gratefully acknowledge the kind notices his second book received from the talented and gentlemanly editors of *Aurora Borealis*, *Aurora Banner*, *Newmarket Era*, *Orillia Packet*, "and last, but not least," of the Richmond Hill *Liberal*—standing out in strong opposition, in marked contrast to the harsh grunts with which Mr. Hogg, of the Collingwood *Enterprise*, greeted Pat's first

book two years ago. Should this old hive attack Pat in a similar manner with respect to this book, just wait and see how the bristles will fly and the blood will flow (from Pat's lacerated leg, perhaps, as with frightened face he fearfully flees from the field of fight). Yet notwithstanding Mr. Hogg's adverse criticism, he has to acknowledge with grateful thanks the great kindness he received from P. B. Callary, Esq., and quite a large number of the worthy citizens of the large and prosperous town of Collingwood. He was sorry he could not conveniently pay them a visit last winter with his second book, as circumstances obliged him on reaching Annandale to take the right-hand track on his journey homewards, and he may perhaps be able to give in a future volume some account of his visits to and his experience in the beautiful and thriving towns and villages of Aurora, Bradford, Barrie, Orillia, Gravenhurst, Bracebridge, and Pat's own beautiful and favorite town of Parry Sound and village of McKellar.

He would strongly advise tourists and travellers, who may visit Parry Sound for health or recreation, to extend their journey to McKellar village, 15 miles north. The road between the two places is mostly in excellent condition, with a first-class daily stage, run by an obliging and enterprising young gentleman, Mr. Edward J. Taylor, who also runs a tri-weekly mail stage between McKellar village and the thriving village of Dunchurch, 12 miles farther north. Pat will venture to promise those who may act upon this advice that they will not regret the moderate outlay of time and money it will occasion them, in view of the grand rock scenery they will see on the route, the new ideas of the great and omnipotent power of God it will give them, and the knowledge of the country they will thereby obtain. They will find excellent hotel accommodation in McKellar. The Armstrong House, kept by Mr. Robert Armstrong, is one of the cleanest, most comfortable, best conducted, and most sanitively provisioned temperance houses Pat is acquainted with; and the McKellar House, kept by Mr. James McVittie, is a very clean and comfortable licensed hotel, commanding from its balcony a fine view of Owl Lake, one of the three beautiful lakes that are grouped

near and around this romantically beautiful village, yet none of them near so beautiful as Manitowaba Lake, on the shores of which poor Pat selected his free-grant location and put up his first "scoop" roofed, little six-by-eight-foot log shanty, and in which he was living a solitary sojourner in the wild woods for the space of one fortnight just about ten years ago, and unwittingly too in close proximity to a ghost's stone of which he intends to give an account (all well) in a future volume. The Messrs. S. & J. Armstrong have a tight little steam tug plying on Manitowaba Lake to and from McKellar village during the season of navigation.

Here, kind reader, Pat concludes it is about time to bring this little volume to a close. He will therefore bid you, with most grateful thanks, what he hopes may be a not very long

JAMES ELLIOTT.

Toronto, October 10th, 1882.